
Title: *tattered journal*

Author: Ziggy II

Fully knowing this may be
my last chance to write
this down, and considering
I have nothing better to
do chained to this
workbench, I'm going to
start at the beginning. It
will be long winded so if
you are the impatient
sort feel free to jump
to the end. I, Ziggy II,
the namesake of my
grandpa, leave this as a
cautionary account of
what has led me to ruin.
First I would like to
apologize to my niece
[illegibly smudged], I'm
sorry I haven't been
there for you after your
mom's parting. The
suddenness of it landed
upon me hard. Yes, I
know it was hard for you
and your pa as well. Your
pa and I never saw eye
to eye much, but we kept
it civil for the sake of
your mom and he was
good to my dear sister
so I didn't fuss so much.
After all that I took to
the ale and, well, your pa
buried his nose in
running that tavern of
his in Yew.
If this should reach you,
tell him all is forgiven
and no hard feelings. Also
to ease up on your
hours, you're still young
yet. Go out and have an
adventure or two and see
the world. Lastly, my
dear sister would have
been proud to have seen
her daughter turn out as
well as you did.

For the rest of this,
where to begin? You
could say it started with
my pa, a skilled
metallurgist and renowned
clockmaker, or my mum,
an exceptional seamstress.
Both skills I inherited.
But no, my passion was
Automatons and golems. I
was mesmerized the first
time I saw one spring
back to life after my pa
helped a friend repair
one. Even at that age
barely big enough to
carry a wrench like a
squire with his knight's
warhammer. The fixation
throughout my life would
bring me great prosperity
and joy in my craft, but
also ruin. Whether it be
repairing heaps of junk
brought back by the royal
surveyor fresh off an
expedition in Ilshenar or
gilding some noble's estate
sentry, I was satisfied in
my work.

As I worked, friends,
acquaintances, and loved
ones came and went, but
the joy from my craft
stayed. I paid little heed
to the fact that more
were going or gone than
entering my life and I
worked. Childhood friends
would pair off and start
families, I worked.

Acquaintances would go
off on adventures, inviting
me to join in, but would
I go? No, I worked.

When they returned home
to share drinks and tales
of their exploits, would I
be there to join in? No,
I worked. When a love
would walk out the door
because I would be
working in my workshop
from noon til sun up and
never made it home in
between, would I follow
after her to fix things?
I would not, no, just go

deeper into my craft.
When I finally opened a
letter that had been
sitting in dust for nearly
a week in my room, which
I had not been to for
twice as long, informing
me of my sister's passing
from an orc attack.
The work had stopped.
By then I had more gray
hair than not. Friends had
gone. Most of my savings
had dried up. The
automaton shop was a
shell of its former self,
in no small part due to
golemancy falling out of
favor within the realms.
The only ones that would
come visit me anymore
were my dear sister and
niece. When I made the
journey to Yew from
Britain, I was met with
scowls and contempt from
her widower. Rightfully so.
Even brandishing his now
tarnished sword from his
Yew militia days as he
pushed me from his
tavern. It was all a bit
fuzzy due to the keg of
ale I had laid to waste
on the journey. The one
thing that was burned
into me were the tears
running down my
now-grown niece's cheeks
as the door closed in my
face. Where had the time
gone? It seemed as
though it was but a week
ago that my niece was
sitting on my bench,
handing me gears and
giggling at my poor
rendition of the latest
bard's tune as we fixed a
golem's arm.
I am not really sure how
I made it home or even
how much time had
passed when I finally did.
Most of it was in a
drunken haze, and as well
for some time after. The
ale tankards didn't fill

themselves and the rent
on my room was long
overdue, so I took to
peddling trinkets and
fixing miscellaneous
mechanical things by day
and sleeping face down in
a flagon at night, doing
neither one very well.

Then one day a stranger
approached me, the whole
ordeal was fuzzy as a
satyr's hindside. Looking
back, it all seemed odd.

It was too early in the
day for me to have
begun my nightly ritual of
being face down in some
crusty bread at the
tavern with an empty jug
of cider at my side. I
believe he said his name
was Bellrick and he had a
job for me. We
proceeded to.. [rest of
pages are torn out]